SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

# The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

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## Selections.

### John Smith the Fugitive Slave.

I am not much of a politician, but it is my impression that the fugitive slave law, which is absorbing so much of the public attention, was aired by a Virginian. It also occurs to me, that Virginia was the first State to threaten secession from the Union if that law was repealed or modified. These circumstances lend interest to a fact connected with the early history of the Old Dominion which I have not seen noticed by any journal, and which I presume, therefore, cannot be much known. I allude to the fact, that Virginia was *colonized by a fugitive slave*. Captain John Smith, the founder of the Jamestown colony, whose name stands second only to that of the honored American school-boy; whom Bancroft characterizes as "the Father of Virginia, the chief character who first planted the Saxon race within or in the border of the United States," was not only a fugitive slave, but he killed his master to recover his freedom. All the biographies of Captain Smith mention his captivity in Turkey, and the means by which he exerted to escape from it; but there is so much quaintness in the original narrative of his adventures, that I have taken the liberty to transcribe, from a "Copy of Captain Smith's Adventures," published in London in 1629,† the passages which describe his mode of appeal to the "higher law," and the circumstances which compelled him to take that appeal.

I may premise, however, that long before Smith's expedition to America, and while serving prominent military rank in the service of Sigismund, of Austria, who was conducting a war at the time with the Turks and Tartars, Smith was made a prisoner. The chief work includes a description of a sanguinary engagement, which led to this catastrophe, as follows:

"Only Ensigne Carleton and Sergeant Robinson escaped, but Smith, among the slaughtered Turkish bodies, and many a grasping soule, with toile and wounds, lay groaning among the rest, till being tomed by the pillagors, her was able to live, and perceiving by his armor and habit, his ransome might be better to them than his death, they led him prisoner with many others; well they used him till his wounds were cured, and at Axopolis they were all sold for slaves, like beasts in a market place, where every merchant, viewing their limbs and wounds, caused other slaves to straighten them, and force their strength: he fell to the share of Bashaw Bogall, who sent him forthwith to Constantinople, to his faire mistresse for a slave. By twentie and twentie, chained in the nakedst sort, they were driven in file to this great cide, where they were delivered to their several masters, and he to the young Charatza Tregalligaldi.

Captain Smith was so fortunate as to win the favor of the susceptible Charatza, who, to protect him from farther danger, sent him into the interior several hundred miles to be in charge of his estate, by the name of Tymor, by whom, according to his story, he was very badly used.

In the succeeding chapter the historian gives us an account of his servitude, and finally of his escape, which I transcribe:

"All the hope he had over to be delivered from this thraldome, was only the love of Tragaligaundra, who surely ignorant of his language, for, although he had often debated the matter with some Christians, that had beene there a long time slaves, they could not finde how to make an escape, by any reason or possibility; but God, beyond man's expectation or imagination, helpeth his servants when they lessste thinke of helpe, as it happened to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from Tymor's house; the Bashaw, as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the Tymor's braines with his treshing bat, for they have flailes; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himself in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knap-sacke with corne, shut the doores assured his horse with him, and that day travelled all adventure; two or three dayes thus fearfully wandering he know not whither, and well it was he beet not, ay to aske the way; being seven as taking leave of this miserable world, God did direct him to the great way, or Castragan, as they call it, which doth crosse these large territories, and generally knowes among them by those names.

"In every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs with broad ends, as there be ways, and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth, as that which pointeth towards the Cryms Country, is marked with a half moone; if towards the Georgians and Persia, a black man, full of white spots; if towards China, the picture of the Sunne; if towards Muscovia, the signe of a Crosse; if towards the habitation of any other Prince, the figure wherehy his standard is framed.

"To his dying spirits thus God added some comfort in this melancholy journey, wherein if he hast met any of this wicked generation, they had made him their slave, or knowing the figure engraven in the iron about his neck (as all slaves have), he had beene sent backe againe to his master; sixteene dayes he travelled in this fearfull manner, and when the Crosse, till he arrived at Æcopolis, upon the river Don, a garrison of the Muscovites. The governour, after examination of those his hard events, took off his irons, and of kindly used him, he thought himselfe new risen from death, and the good Lady Calamanta largely supplied all his wants."

It is rather a singular coincidence that the Old Dominion, which boasts of having originally furnished the country with six Presidents, should be so intolerant now towards a class to which she owes her political precedency, and the immense wealth and the controlling influence which, for a long time, this circumstance enabled her to exert among the American States. You will observe that Capt. Smith's case comes precisely within the definition of the Constitution. He was a prisoner of war and therefore a captive, by the law of nations. By the law of God, by the law of nature, and by a solemn treaty, he should, the soldiers were guaranteed "*the benefit of the captive*," and all lawful plunder, and the reward of "slain by them, over and above their stated wages." "Secled."

And it was rejected accordingly."—*Liberty Leaflet in the Evening Post.*

From The New York Tribune.

### THE HISTORY OF SHADRACH,

AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE KIDNAPPERS.

1. Now it came to pass in the latter days that Daniel was King over all the Children of Jonathan, which had waxed many and fat in the land. And by reasons which the prophet detaileth not, Daniel's head was turned, and he went after strange gods, and his strength was turned into foolishness, and the strange gods, which he no gods, had turned away his heart from serving the Lord, persuading him that there was no Higher law, but great men might do what seemed them best.

2. At that time there were many of the sons of men whom the Southernites had stolen, and made slaves of them, having their feet with fetters sod setting them to sore labor. Yea, there were three times a thousand thousand thereof.

3. Divers of them had escaped from the hands of their oppressors, and were in the Children of Israel had fled out of the land of bondage, and they were called the Northernites, who reverenced the word of the Lord and did the outcast, letting him dwell where it liked him and eat his morsel in quietness.

4. But this escaping of the Fugitives was a sore thing unto the Southernites, for with them souls be reckoned but as cattle and beasts that perish; and the Lord God is esteemed only as a dumb idol. It grieved also the heart of Daniel.

5. And he said, reasoning with himself, but not aright, Go to, now: I will get to myself great honor by betraying the outcast into the hands of such as seek his life; yea, I will cause the eyes of the needy to fail: then I shall get unto myself silver and gold: yea, and Texas scrip also in great store.

6. So he called together the magicians, and the astrologers, and the interpreters, and the sorcerers, and all the Philistines who had taken the Ark of the Constitution out of the hands of the Loan's people, and had carried it into their own land, and maketh a law, and establisheth it with a writing and a seal, which altereth not of Jonathan, whither the tribes go up to the great Sanhedrim.

7. Then they made a decree, and sent it forth unto all the tribes, unto the Governors, and the Princes, and the Judges, and the Marshals, and the Sheriffs, and the Deputies, and the Bailiffs, and the Tithing-men, saying:

8. O, ye children of Jonathan! ye shall assuredly know that Daniel is a greater man than you all, and deliver him up to such as shall claim him, and he shall be their slave. Ye shall make haste to do so. Let all people obey the decree, as they desire money.

9. Moreover, the Recorders and the Scribes and a Sairap in every tribe, to execute the decree, to beeway the wanderers, to sell the needy for a pair of shoes, and the poor for money, that the Loan's people as were ready to perish.

10. Then, Daniel was glad and rejoiced, and commanded a feast, saying: Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer. The strange women also made their hearts merry, and all the hosts of the ungodly, saying,—Where is the God of Israel?

11. So the decree was sealed with the seal of Jonathan, and sent out into all the land from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the Athens of the Greeks, it was given to idolatry. Some of the merchants thereof, are called Princes, because they bought the souls of men and women, and children, over other men, even their betters, as did also the princes of the Gentiles.

14. In that city there were exceeding many people; yea, two hundred and four score and seven men grown, who knew not the right from the wrong, but called God, Evil, and Evil they called God, and Darkness they called Light, and Light, Darkness, shops, and household stuff, and fine twined linen, which no man can measure.

15. And in that city, there was a street called Mill—peradventure, because it is the dwelling place of so many of the babes and sucklings of common people.

16. In that city they did worship many and strange Gods, whereof the chief was called Money, an idol whose head was of fine gold, the belly of silver, the thighs of copper: but the feet were part of another notable idol, called Cotton. Unto this latter they did sacrifice, and built him High places and Synagogues, that they might worship him upon the hills, and bowed down and worshipped him, saying, Cotton, help us: Cotton, help us! Yea, they made their children pass through the mill unto Cotton, and he was deaf to many of them as a Conscience.

17. Now, when the decree came to Boston, divers of the merchants, and of the money changers not a few, and the sons of banks and brokers, and about the street called Milk, rejoiced thereat with the mob of Belial who worshipped Cotton. For they said, Behold, we have a new master in our Southern and they will lay a tax, (called in their tongue a Tariff,) upon the people, for the worshipers of Cotton, and the people will sacrifice unto our net and our drag, and worship like the sons of Eli, we shall share in the sacrifice.

18. Then they held a meeting, and cried out, saying, Down with the Union! down with the idol but Cotton and Money: no King but Daniel: nothing better than riches, and no Justice, but only the Statutes of men.

19. Now, because the nine hundred and four score and seven who knew not Good from Evil, they added further, and wrote a letter unto Daniel, concerning the matter of the decree, and of the Fugitive, and not of a man, hearing it was the voice of Cotton.

20. Howbeit there were yet others who said slaughtered, yet in weakness, Nay now, it is a wicked thing to keep this decree, and we will not heed it, as the Loan lively, who brought up our fathers out of England and helped us mightily at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Thereupon they looked at the monument and they said, Ebenezer; Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

21. So they bade the outcasts to tarry even in Boston, saying, Be ye of good cheer: if the Lord be on our side who shall rise up against us?

22. Now there was a certain Satrap in Boston named Charles, appointed to ensnare the outcast, and to watch for his halting. The same was an upright man, and one who feared God and eschewed evil in his heart, albeit he swore by Cotton to keep the law. This man was accused unto Daniel, that he could not do a disagreeable duty and with all that it contains, to his faithful Musselmen, who are to enjoy it of right as far as they can enforce it.

23. Let us then hear no more of this detestable proposition, the manumission of Christian slaves, the adoption of which would, by spreading our free lands and boundless prairies, speedily depriving so many of their property, create universal and ruinous discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the overthrowing of government and produce general confusion. This proposition no doubt, but this wise council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a few slaves to the welfare of the whole country."—*Erika*, and dismiss the petition.

24. The man was, as Martin tells us," adds Dr. Franklin, "that the Divan came to this resolution: "The doctrine, that plundering and enslaving the Christians is lawful, is at best problematical, but that it is the interest of this State to continue the practice is clear, therefore, let the petition be rejected

lash waxing fainter and fainter in the distance behind—they less run than bound, and fly toward the country of freedom. Can you blame them? Would you not do the same? Lives there a Briton who does not sympathise with the poor fugitive slave, or who would not if his house lay in his path, open the door to receive him, feed his hunger, clothe his nakedness, annoint his torn and bleeding feet, and give him at once a shelter, a shield, and a hiding place under his roof? And yet a bill has lately passed the American Legislature—enacting that whosoever shall harbor or conceal such fugitive be subject to a fine not exceeding $1000, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, and shall moreover forfeit and pay by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of $1000 for each fugitive so lost. Such is a sample of this bill. There was a time, Sir, when it was counted a sin to betray the innocent blood. One man has obtained immortal infamy by doing so for thirty pieces of silver. But now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the Legislature of a Christian country has indirectly and inferentially proclaimed that act a virtue, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment those who disdain such treachery. Time forbids me enlarging. I may merely say in support of another part of the resolution, that I honor from my heart the Abolitionists of America. They have been abused, indeed, by many, by manstealers, by fribbles and bigots, by those calm, callous, cold-blooded creatures, whose sole gods are expediency, policy, and pride; but by men of every country, and by Christians of almost every name, they have been and are held in honor—and honor which shall deepen as ages run on. I do not know them all, but I know some of them. I know of F. Douglas, the most powerful of natural orators, the self-taught giant, the Burns of the African race. I know of Wendell Phillips, one of the most accomplished and eloquent men in America. I know of Mrs. Chapman, that noblest of all Amazons, the Deborah of the Western World. I know of Lowell, one of the most gifted of American poets, and an Abolitionist to the teeth. I know of Whittier, also a true poet, and who has consecrated his genius entirely to this Cause. I know something, too, of the late Dr. Channing, one of the best and bravest men the world ever produced, and who ere he died lent to the cause of Abolitionism his powerful aid. And I not only know of, but know our noble friends with us this evening. And lastly, I know William Lloyd Garrison, one whose name future ages shall rank with those of Wilberforce, Howard, and Clarkson. Mr. Gilfillan concluded by moving a resolution to the effect that the meeting express their abhorrence of the Fugitive Slave Bill recently passed by the American Legislature, as in itself unjust and oppressive, as a flagrant contradiction of the celebrated Declaration of Independence adopted by the United States, and as inconsistent with the great principles of religion, humanity, and freedom; and further that the meeting express their continued hatred of the entire system of Slavery, and look forward to the time when it shall come to an end. The rev. gentleman sat down amidst great applause—a compliment which was frequently paid him during the delivery of his speech.

The Rev. Mr. COOK said he would second the adoption of the resolution which had been proposed. Slavery or any system which deprived a man of his liberty was direct robbery. In reference to the compromise which had been effected in America by the passing of the Slave Trade Bill, there could be but one opinion in this country. It was one of the laws which was contrary to the law of God, and therefore could not be reconciled to it by any species of logic. He welcomed the lady and the two gentlemen who appeared on the platform who had escaped from Slavery, and he heartily wished them success in their labors in this country. (Cheers.) He should say no more but that he seconded the resolution.

The CHAIRMAN then introduced Mr. Brown, one of the fugitive slaves, to the meeting.

Mr. BROWN spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman and Ladies—It is not a pleasant task for one to speak in a foreign land against the laws and people of his own country. It savors too much of a wish to cater to the feelings of the people with whom you are. But the cause of my enslaved countrymen demands that I should not consult my own private feelings, or those of the haters of my race in the United States. Three millions of the people of Republican America are held in the most degraded state of servitude of any people in the world. A slave is a chattel, a thing, a species of property; he can own nothing, possess nothing, but what shall belong to his owner. It denies him manhood, and dooms him to a position in point of law with the beast of the field. The slave may be taken from one of the slave-raising to a slave-consuming State, and there worked up, in five or seven years, just as it may suit the caprice of the man who claims him as property. He may be separated from his wife and children—his wife or daughter may be punished in his presence, his own back may be lacerated, and yet he has no remedy—it is all in accordance with the laws of Democratic Republican America. (Cries of shame!") But with all the degradation attendant upon the condition of a slave, with a law upon the statute-book prohibiting the slaves being taught to read, and surrounded by everything possible to remind him that he is a slave, he still knows that he has a right to his freedom; for the slaveholder has said—"you may place the slave where you please, you may dry up to your utmost the fountain of his feelings, the springs of his thought; you may close upon his mind every avenue to knowledge; you may yoke him to your labor as the ox which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live; you may put him under any process, which, without destroying his value as a slave, will crush and degrade him as a rational being; you may do all this, but the idea that he was born to be free will survive it all; it is allied to his hope of immortality; it is the ethereal part of his nature, which oppression cannot reach; it is a torch lit up in his soul by the hand of the Deity, and never meant to be extinguished by the hand of man." Thus the slaveholder admits that he is conscious that his victim is aware that God has created him free. (Applause.) Slavery is interwoven into all the American institutions. Everything in the United States is made to bend to the "Peculiar Institution." The religion of Jesus Christ is love to God and to mankind. The religion of America is slaveholding. They have a slaveholding theology. Their Churches deal in the bodies and immortal souls of men. And for fear of being charged with exaggerating upon this point, I will read you the following from the *Savannah (Ga.) Republican* of the 13th of March, 1845:—"Will be sold at public auction, the following negro slaves,—viz. Charles, Peggy, Antonnett, Davy, September, Maria, Jenny and Isaac, levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage, fi. fa. issued out of M'Intosh Superior Court, in favor of the board of directors of the Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, against said H. T. Hall. Conditions—cash. C. O'Neal, Deputy-Sheriff." And now I will read you an advertisement of the executors of a deceased Doctor of Divinity, from the *Charleston (S. C.) Courier*:—Notice; on Monday February next, will be put up at public auction, before the Court House, the following property belonging to the estate of the late Rev. Dr. Furman:—"A plantation near the waters of the Black River, a lot of land in the town of Cornden, a library of a miscellaneous character, chiefly Theological, twenty-seven negroes, some of them very prime, two mules, one horse, and an old waggon." (Prolonged laughter.) I think Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen, that I have made good my charges against the religion of the American slaveholders. I have here, on the platform, a book of 119 pages, approving of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, and trying to prove that the Bible sanctions slaveholding, and that Slavery is compatible with Christianity. This book to which I refer is from the pen of Moses Stewart, late a Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, in the State of Massachusetts. It is not to be wondered at that the Abolitionists are calumniated by the clergy of America, who are connected so closely with Slavery. They are called Infidels because they have espoused the cause of the slave, and in so doing have exposed the pro-slavery Churches of that land.—Much has been said, Mr. Chairman, about the bravery and magnanimity of the Americans, and the beauty of their institutions; and there are some noble friends of the oppressed in that country—men and women—whose hearts beat warmly for the down-trodden of every country and clime; but the great body of the people of America are downright cowards. Twenty-two millions of whites have banded themselves together to keep in Slavery three millions of blacks. They are afraid to permit the negro to be educated in a slave State, for fear that the little spark of the fire of freedom may kindle into a flame and melt from his limbs the chains which bind him to his degradation. It is against the laws in any of the Southern States for a colored person, man or woman, to have in his or her possession any weapon. These pretended lovers of liberty are not willing to trust these injured and outraged people with the means of defence. I admire the magnanimity of the people of this country, for they will even give to an enemy fair play. Then away with the idea that the Americans are brave and generous. The free States are as much responsible for the existence of Slavery in the United States as the slaveowners themselves. The North has compromised the matter, and has agreed not only to help to keep the slaves in their chains by public opinion, but have bargained to return him to his master should he escape; and after he has been sent back to his prison-house, if he should attempt to get his liberty by force, the people of the non-slave States are bound by solemn compact to suppress any such attempt. The passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, which has been so eloquently alluded to by the gentleman who preceded me, is fresh testimony of the willingness of the free States to aid the tyrant in his nefarious work. And among those who have given their aid and sanction to the enactment of this new law the names of Daniel Webster and Moses Stewart will be handed down to posterity as the most inveterate enemies of the negro that ever lived. I am not willing that the people of the free States should sneak off under the plea that Slavery belongs solely to the South. The Americans have the name of being an enterprising people, and it is true. The people of Great Britain are satisfied with raising cattle and swine for the market, but not so with Brother Jonathan. He has discovered that more money can be made by trading in human beings, and they are well versed in the business. That they are not contented with trading in the raw material—in the real Africans, but have thought best to bring into the market a mixture of the African and Anglo-Saxon, and the presence of Mrs. Craft on this platform is sufficient proof that they do not care if the slave has a preponderance of the blood of the white man coursing through the veins. My countrymen are indeed an enterprising people. Slaves are not brought up, but "raised." You speak of raising cattle: the Americans talk of raising men. The slaveholder meets the slave on the highway and asks, "Boy, who raised you?" They will not so much as permit a slave to be called a man. He is a boy until he reaches the age of seventy or eighty years, and then he is uncle. It is Boy and Uncle. (Laughter.) Nothing has done so much to blacken the American character in the opinion of the people of all countries as Slavery, and especially the passage of the Fugitive Bill. The Americans are the most inconsistent people in the world. In their Declaration of Independence they say that "All men are created free and equal," and yet they enslave one-sixth of their own citizens. They profess to be lovers of liberty, and keep three millions of people in a state of Slavery which has no parallel in the world. An English poet has well said—

> United States, your banner wears
> Two emblems,—one of fame;
> Alas, the other that it bears
> Reminds us of your shame.
> The white man's liberty in types
> Stands blazoned by your stars;
> But what's the meaning of your stripes;
> They mean your Negro scars.

(Applause.) The name of the United States is becoming a hissing and bye-word in the mouths of the inhabitants of every clime. My country is indeed the land of oppression. There is not a rood of territory over which the "Stars and Stripes" fly, on which William and Ellen Craft or myself could be protected by law. Wherever the American flag is seen flying on the continent of the New World it points us out as slaves; and we enjoy to-night a degree of freedom in your town that we could not if we were in the land of our birth. I often speak of America as my country, but in point of fact I have no country. In the language of one of the noblest of the negro's champions in the United States—

> "My country is the wide, wide world;
> My countrymen are all mankind."

Yes; wherever the liberty of man is most respected that is my country. It should be a humiliating thing to the people of the United States that the English Government furnishes the only asylum on the American continent for the poor and oppressed negro, and I hope for one that that place of refuge will never be broken up as long as the system of Slavery continues. Let there be one spot in America where the slaves can be free, if it must be furnished by monarchical England. (The speaker concluded his eloquent remarks in the midst of great applause.)

Mr. WILLIAM CRAFT then presented himself and was received with loud cheering. He began by apologising for his inability to express himself as he would have wished, but he hoped his excuse would be accepted when he told them that it was only two years since he made his escape from Slavery, at which time he could neither read nor write. He would assure them this was no fault of his or his parents, as he was "raised" in the State of Georgia, a slave State, where the laws prohibited a slave being educated. As a proof this he might mention that some time since, in that State, one Mr. Lammond, a Scotchman, was accused of having taught some slaves to read the word of God. The charge could not be proved, but so strong was the public prejudice against him that he was compelled within a few hours to quit the State. He has returned to Scotland, and he (Mr. Craft) saw him a few days ago in Glasgow. They had already heard the nature of the infamous Fugitive Bill explained, and perhaps it might be interesting to the meeting were he to furnish them with some particulars of the escape of himself and wife. Mr. Craft then detailed their escape, the particulars of which appeared a short time since in this journal. He was listened to with the greatest attention.

Mr. EASSON said, that at this late hour he would not detain them by any remarks. He should simply move the adoption of the following resolution:—That the meeting should express their cordial sympathy with Mr. Brown, and with Mr. and Mrs. Craft under their sufferings, and their high gratification at their deliverance from the bondage in which they are unjustly held.

The resolution was put and carried amidst acclamation.

On motion of Mr. BROWN, a hearty vote of thanks was given to Provost Thoms for his conduct in the chair.

The PROVOST acknowledged the compliment in suitable terms.

When the meeting was about to disperse, a general wish was expressed that Mrs. Craft, who was on the platform, should present herself to the audience. She seemed rather reluctant to do so; but on the persuasion of the Provost and several other gentlemen, she consented to occupy a standing position on the left side of the former. She was most enthusiastically received. At first she seemed abashed; but the cheering having continued, she curtesied gracefully and retired. She is an intelligent and delicate good-looking woman. From her color and contour of features no one would have thought that she had any African blood in her veins.

The meeting then dispersed.

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Yesterday evening Mr. Brown delivered the first of his course of two lectures illustrative of American Slavery and his varied and at length successful attempts to escape from the same. The lecture was illustrated by panoramic views descriptive of the methods of catching American slaves, which on the whole seemed to excite the highest disgust in the numerous and respectable audience. At the conclusion Mr. and Mrs. Craft were presented to the audience, the softer sex seeming highly gratified that one of their order should have shown so much dexterity and activity in rescuing herself and husband from a land of bondage to one of freedom.—*Ibid.*

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FLIGHT OF FUGITIVES.—The *Boston Pathfinder* of the 27th says, that quite a number of fugitive slaves, who have lived there since their escape from bondage, have within a few days fled from that city. The number is stated by some as high as 100. In view of this state of things, the *Pathfinder* suggests that an extra amount of powder be burnt on the next 4th of July—or, if more agreeable, on some future 4th of July—and that a proclamation be issued, enjoining upon all 4th of July orators the absolute necessity of using more gas in demonstrating the self-evident truth, that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness."

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A FUGITIVE SLAVE RECLAIMED.—On Saturday last, George W. Mason, of Daviee County, Ky., arrested a colored man by the name of Mitchum, who, with his wife and children, resided about four miles from Vernon. Mr. Mason introduced proof to the satisfaction of Mr. Basnett, a Justice of the Peace, that Mitchum was his slave and had fled from service *nineteen years ago*, when the Justice delivered the fugitive to his master, who left for his home on Wednesday.—*Madison (Ind.) Banner, 21st ult.*

# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1851.*

## COLONIZATION.

WE are not among those who are altogether hopeful as to the present position of the Anti-Slavery question in this country. Though we do not mean to deny that it has its hopeful aspect, and that the progress of the Cause up to this point has been, considering the obstacle it has had to encounter, most wonderful, yet we see much in the events of the moment full of gloomy suggestions to a mind not over sanguine, or to one accustomed to calculate nicely the balance of chances. It is certain that the Cause has never, since its inception, met with a more determined and systematic resistance, and that resistance has never before been conducted with anything like the prudence, or been made clearly to involve so many interests, as now.

We have no intention of discussing this point now, however, because, if there were no other reason, we have hardly room enough even to state the proposition. But should we undertake to substantiate such a statement we should point, among other things, to the attitude of the African Colonization enterprise at this moment. The prospects of that scheme were never more brilliant; even in those palmy days antecedent to the tremendous and effectual onslaught made upon it by Mr. Garrison, and when its baseness was undetected, and its hypocrisy unmasked, even then it was comparatively in the mere dawn of its prosperity as it was of its life. Years have brought not age only, but with them also have come the riches and honor which not unfrequently crown the evening of a life of successful iniquity.

The almost universal approval with which African Colonization is now received is enough to justify us in this conclusion, were there no other evidences of its prosperity. And this approval is given not as it was five-and-twenty years ago under a mistaken notion of the real purpose of this proposed colonization of the negro race, but with a perfect understanding that colonization means in this connection nothing more than the exile of several hundred thousand of our fellow-citizens to a deadly climate, and an inhospitable soil, that the bondage of all their race who are left behind them may be rendered perpetual, and the slave taught that for him freedom and civilization are incompatible.

Doubtless among those who advocate this scheme there are some whose motives are not altogether inimical to the colored people, but the highest principle by which we can conceive such persons to be governed is commiseration. They have so little faith in the perpetual assertion of an abstract truth that they despair of the abolition of Slavery by any purely moral movement. They hope, at best, that at some indefinite future period the negro may become free by force of circumstances; it is the interests not the consciences of men in which they believe, and to which they appeal. They are waiters upon Providence, and not observing any signs of a Providential interference they despair of ever seeing, and therefore deem it useless to advocate the emancipation of the black race. In the meantime though they do not believe in other men's consciences, they are troubled in some degree by their own, and they urge the expatriation of the colored people with the hope of the salvation of a remnant, and with a sincere desire to relieve such portion as can be relieved from the crushing oppression under which they labor in this country. It is not our purpose now to throw down the gauntlet to these advocates of the doctrine of circumstances, or to point to the proofs of their existence, though for these last any reader of *The New York Tribune* will be at no loss to know where to look.

But we refer to the subject at this time mainly to call attention to the article and correspondence which we copy, in another column from an English paper, in relation to emigration from this country to the British West Indies. Here is a scheme of which slaveholders, whose aim is to perpetuate Slavery, can never approve, and one to which no other objection can be made than that which appertains to emigration under any circumstances. Believers in Providential interpositions may find in it, perhaps, an interference with African Colonization itself, and one in which a prosperous and happy future may open for the colored race of the New World. We commend it to the class to which we just alluded, as well as to those of our colored friends,—and some, we know, there are—who for the sake of their children look with dread and despair to the future which appears to be before them. The subject is of especial interest at this moment when so many fugitive bondmen are seeking an asylum in the inhospitable and uncongenial climate of the Canadas.

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THE QUESTION SETTLED.—A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* has got a fair hold, at last, of the horne of the bull of agitation that is bellowing through the land. We must give in now, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, Sewardites, and all, with such alacrity as we may, for an authority is appealed to before which all rational men, not to say enlightened Republicans, bow down with reverence. The *Journal's* correspondent says that a friend of his once had an interview with a late King of Sweden, and he asserts in the most positive and emphatic manner that his majesty declared that any man who should propose to "rend in pieces this happy Union should at once be arraigned as a traitor, and brought to condign punishment."

Does the man live who is so lost to himself and his kind as to allude, after that, to any topic, the discussion of which can be supposed to influence, in the slightest degree, the heavenly harmony of our blessed Union? "Lives there a man with soul so dead?"

An incidental lesson is also taught us here by his late Majesty of Sweden, which the graceless Thompson and his friends may lay to heart—that it is not "foreign interference" in itself, but only a certain kind of it, to which the true patriot will object. We ought to respect the opinions of the mighty of other lands on the character of our institutions and the proper manner of dealing with them,—provided they agree with us, that this is an almighty grand country, that every man in it is great, glorious, and free, and that "niggers" are of no account.

It has long been a question whether the editor or the correspondents or the *Journal of Commerce* were the most intelligent. We have a most exalted opinion of the powers of the former, but if he admits many more such writers as this, it will go hard with him to maintain his own long-established reputation.

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ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY IN CANADA.—A large Anti-Slavery meeting is reported to have been held at Toronto, on Friday, the 28th ult., which was called by the Mayor and at which a Society was formed, called the "Anti-Slavery Society of Canada," the declared object of which is to aid in the extinction of Slavery all over the world, and to manifest sympathy with fugitives from American bondage. If the members of the Society are disposed to extend the helping hand to the flying bondman, their friends on the other side of the line will keep them busy.

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TENNYSON's fine poem of Timbuctoo, which may be found on the fourth page of this week's paper, has never before, we believe, been published in this country. It is not included in any of the late collections of his poems. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of it, who merits our readers' as well as our own thanks.

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☞THE *Toronto Globe* of Tuesday of last week announces the arrival in that city on the Saturday previous, of the fugitive Shadrach, escaped unscathed from his Republican tormentors, to live hereafter without peril to his personal liberty under the protection of the Red Cross of England.

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THE present Congress adjourned this week, having done at least one good act, reduced the rates of postage to three cents on pre-paid letters, and not committed any signal outrage upon the rights of its masters, the people. That it has come to an end let us be thankful; that it has done no great harm let us also return thanks; and for its one good deed let us be especially grateful,—when comparing the thing done with the things that should have been done—for that let us be grateful precisely to the amount of two cents.

# Domestic Correspondence.

## GEO. THOMPSON IN NEW YORK STATE.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 23d, 1851.

*Editors of The Standard:*

Gentlemen—We arrived here last night, about 11 o'clock from Union Village. This is a pleasant town on the Mowhawk, containing some three thousand inhabitants.

There is very little Anti-Slavery feeling here, but as it is a manufacturing place it is, of course, a matter of no surprise: The interests of Trade always stand in the way of Humanity.

A few evenings since a meeting held by those faithful friends of the slave, S. S. Foster and lady, was broken up by some of the riotously disposed people of the place, led on by the Baptist minister in person, yet it is due to the character of the town to say that much regret has been expressed for the act.

A convention had been called some days since, and the people from the vicinity came in to join the citizens and hear the celebrated orator and philanthropist. It was difficult to obtain a suitable place for the meeting on account of the local prejudice existing, but a hall which would contain some four or five hundred persons was found and instantly filled with a fine audience, though an admission fee was required. Mr. Thompson wearied with his incessant labors was obliged to rest through the forenoon.

The Convention was called to order and Dr. B. W. Franklin appointed Chairman.

Mr. Kelsey sang a liberty song in fine style, and Mr. Putnam was introduced to the meeting. Mr. P. gave some account of the mob at Springfield, and made some remarks upon the meanness and wickedness of the act, and upon the slight knowledge of human nature they possess who seek by such means to check or destroy freedom of speech.

A written handbill had been circulated as follows:

"Springfield at Rockton!
GEORGE THOMPSON AND JOHN BULL.
*Go home and free the Colliers in England.*
☞THE HALL IN DANGER!☜"

Mr. Putnam alluded to the handbill, and invited the writer, if he were present, and all who sympathized with him, to come and hear from the lips of Mr Thompson himself in the afternoon: all things concerning Mr. Thompson's feelings and actions in relation to Ireland; to "walk up and and examine for themselves."

Mrs. Foster then addressed the meeting upon the Fugitive Slave Bill, with a power and earnestness which won the hearts and touched the very souls of the audience. I will not attempt to follow her, but the hearts of wives, of husbands and parents were by that speech indellibly impressed with the horrible nature of that law which outrages all the holy ties with which God has bound the human race, and some of the lawyers who argue its constitutionality might have learned a lesson in law even from her lips as she demonstrated its utter violation of the Constitution. Mr. Kelsey sang Garrison's soul stirring song, "I am an Abolitionist," and the meeting adjourned.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Foster renewed the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law until the appearance of Mr. Thompson. The audience was larger than in the morning. The Chairman introduced Mr. T. who addressed them about an hour an a half. Mr. Thompson spoke of the Sabbath day, and asked his audience if the Anti-Slavery work was not in keeping with the will of Him who ordained the Sabbath, and remarked that at the judgment day we should find that approbation or condemnation would not be administered on the ground of sect, or of doctrine, or creed or mode of worship, but upon the treatment which the poor, the naked, the bound and suffering had received at our hands. "In my own country," said he, "it is my Anti-Slavery principles which open the doors of every church to me, here it is my Anti-Slavery principles which shut the doors of the churches, and often the halls to me. I have been utterly outlawed: not a magistrate will grant me the protection of the laws of the land, which save even the thief, the burglar, and the assassin from the hands of the mob! From the floor of Congress to the farthest bounds of the United States, I am denounced by recreant statesmen, hireling priests, and a press whose mendacity is unparalleled in the world.

"I came to this country in part to speak upon the subject of Slavery, if desired to do so. I really didn't come to 'dissolve the Union;' I really don't think I am powerful or strong enough to be able to do that. From the accounts you have read you might suppose me to be a monster with horns upon his head, and with divided hoof, but you see friends it is not so, I am a man like yourselves.

"When a youth I solemnly promised my Creator that I would never use the faculty of speech which He had given me for the promulgation of any sentiment which I would not review with pleasure upon a death-bed, and which I would be ashamed to have written as my epitaph.

"I have come here to-day to see you, because I believe that you are candid and willing to hear the truth, and dont believe everything 'because it is in the papers.'

"I am glad to be able to respond to the calls of so many of the American people, and like to hear them say to me as Agrippa said to Paul, 'Thou art permitted to speak for thyself.' I am hunted because they who are the real enemies of liberty find their account in representing me as your country's enemy—they lie, they raise mobs, they plot and plan, and if they could accomplish my assassination would doubtless rejoice, and to do this they appeal to all the prejudice there is in the community.

"You have a free press, yes, a *very* free press. Now what care I for the anathemas of the editorial fraternity? There is not a man who speaks his mind freely from the little ward meeting to the floor of Congress who does not come in for a share of their abuse. Their abuse and ridicule as far as my feelings are concerned fall like rain upon a duck's back, but it is the consequences which may follow to my safety and my life which make their lies of any importance to me, for with the meanness of the midnight assassin they stir up the elements of wrath and forestall me in the minds of the people. They know that the *people* will not hate me if they can hear me unprejudiced, but the people will know them in their true character and will despise them and hate the oppression which they defend.

"The Irish people are told that I am an enemy to Ireland! I know the Irish well, and love them and their oppressed country. *I* an enemy to Ireland! I have always in and out of Parliament been the true friend of that oppressed nation. O'Connell was my friend; with him and introduced by him I have addressed large audiences of Irishmen, in Glasgow and other places. At the last session of Parliament I stood by their cause, and exerted myself to the utmost to prevent the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in Ireland when a majority of Irish members of Parliament deserted their country and either absented themselves or went over to the side of the government.

"They sometimes take it out of Parliament and make it a leather question! The shoemaker is told to mob me because forsooth the South won't buy shoes of him if he don't! that I am an enemy to his *sole* and shall be at *last* the ruin of him! The manufacturers are told to mob me or the South won't sell them cotton if they go down on their bended knees to beg it! O! could I bare my breast and before the assassin struck could he look in and see the heart which with all its faults never yet beat for any other cause than that of human liberty, he would, methinks, stay his hand and curse the liar and slanderer who had thus misled him?"

Mr. Thompson then read the following letter, which he had received from New York city:

"NEW YORK, February 15th, 1851.

"*Mr. George Thompson—Sir:* By the report of the public press, you seem to grieve that you cannot go to see the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, nor the Father of Waters. Now, sir, if you will come on to New York, and lecture on the Negro question; I will, *if you will it*, travel with you South and West, and promise to give you good protection, if you will consent to exhibit yourself, I will run you in opposition to Jenny Lind and Barnum, and give you half the profits and bear all expenses. I am a good deal troubled that a Briton of your stamp should have to go back and not see our glorious Republic. Your conduct upon the *Irish Arms Bill* should be a passport for you wherever Ireland's persecuted sons can be found. I will remember you on that occasion, although absent from that famine stricken land nearly 40 years.

"Thompson it is astonishing that every son of Adam have a soft spot in them, no matter what their talents may be, you were some 15 years ago chased out of the States like a *murderer*, that you should so far forget yourself as to put yourself in such a ridiculous manner before the human race as a *mountebank*. No matter what may be your reward from your Government, a Government of thieves and robbers, as Cobbett once said "England the land of Bibles and of Bastards," you might well know if you have any *brains* that the world combined cannot dismember this government of God's own creation.

"Thompson make tracks as quick as you can, without you accept of my terms.

"JOHN GRIFFIN, 195 Hester St.

"(A Son of Erin.)

"N. B. Thompson, I wish no newspaper notoriety, you can publish this if you choose."

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To this Mr. Thompson made the following answer which he also read to the meeting:

"LITTLE FALLS, N. Y. Feb. 22, 1851.

"Sir, I have only just received your letter of the 15th instant, for which I thank you, because it affords me the opportunity of removing from your mind an erroneous impression respecting my course in Parliament, on the subject of Ireland. Accept in a candid spirit the explanation I am now about to give you. I was returned to serve in Parliament in 1847. In November of that year we were called together to consider the condition of Ireland. I firmly opposed, both with voice and vote, every measure of coërcion proposed by the Government and demanded the entire abolition of the Protestant Establishment—a Bill securing to Tenants their full rights, and the extinction of the last remaining disabilities imposed upon my Catholic brethren on account of their Religion. Throughout three sessions of Parliament, my conduct was the same, and towards the close of the last session of 1850, when most of the Irish members had left London, I moved amendment after amendment, and spoke again and again in resistance to the proposal to continue the unconstitutional powers of the Lord Lieutenant. This I did up to the twelfth hour though without effect. I have never given a vote against Irish liberty in my life, and Ireland never had a firmer friend—as Mr. O'Connell well knew and acknowledged. Remember! there are *three* Thompsons in the House of Commons.

"I will forfeit five hundred dollars, when my name can be produced as a voter *in* or a *speaker out* of Parliament in favor of *any measure* for the coërcion of your country, or the abridgement of its liberties.

"You are in error. If you are a true man, you will hasten to do justice to one who can honestly assure you, that there breathes not a man who loves Ireland better than GEORGE THOMPSON."

"Now you see the effect of prejudice upon the mind of the writer of this letter, who honestly thinks I am a traitor to the interests of Ireland. He is not so much to blame for misjudging me; as the hireling dogs of the press, who have slandered me for their own and their masters selfish purposes. I love Ireland, and have never betrayed her interests, I love America, though her people mob me and her legislators outlaw me, and should I fall by the hand of the assassin or be torn in pieces by a mob, perhaps the people will pause and think upon the nature of that Institution which tramples down all that stands in the way of its boundless lust of gold and power, and my death become as I have sought to make my life a benefit to this Nation and to the world. Let me speak God's truth to the people of this country, and the Politician and Office-seeker may have the legislation and welcome; let me talk to the people, and without the shedding of one drop of blood, without commotion, the whole thing will be done; the North shall have trade and more of it; the South shall grow rich in doing right; the planter shall prosper; he shall lie down to rest at night without fear; he shall not find it necessary to place his revolver beneath his pillow, or keep a watch to protect him, but the emancipated slave shall stand around him as a guardian; he shall not be disturbed in his rest by dreams of insurrection, or by that which is far more dreadful, the visions of a coming judgment."

At the close of Mr. Thompson's address, the following resolution was offered to the meeting.

Resolved, That in view of all the circumstances of the case, we believe the recent rescue of the alleged Fugitive Slave in the city of Boston, was fully justified and required by the principles of the Gospel, the Declaration of Independence, the example of our Revolutionary Fathers, and the best interests of our common country. And we regard the conduct of the Executive of the United States in attempting to enforce the "Fugitive Slave Law," while at the same time it has shown no disposition to execute those provisions of the Constitution and laws which were designed to protect Liberty, as more infamous than the conduct of George III. in attempting to enforce upon our Fathers the Stamp act, and a three penny tea-tax; and we tell the President that an administration which stalks into success upon the triumph of that infamous law is destined to terminate like the apostacy of Judas Iscariot and the treason of Benedict Arnold.

This resolution was fully discussed by Mr. Foster and others, and passed almost without a dissenting voice, but three individuals out of four hundred voting against it.

A Mr. Wilcox, with a fool-hardiness which he probably regrets, asked, in a cavilling manner, some questions, and took the stand to answer the Englishman. Bravo! how he taught American History to the "Foreigner," they will not soon forget who were present; and what a poor slinking advocate of Slavery he was when Thompson, laughing while he spoke, answered the questions, and without effort sent the frail structure of his pigmy opponent tumbling about his head. The audience will not cease to recall often a recollection of the fun which they had during the scene. A gentleman who was present advised the chop-fallen hero to "begin practice by lifting the calf every day, and perhaps in time he may succeed in lifting the ox."

The following resolutions were then offered and passed with the same unanimity of feeling with which the first was received:

Resolved, That the meetings held here at this time, and similar meetings, are true Christian gatherings; that we are engaged in doing the will of God as it was done by the Saviour of the world, when He went up and down the land of Judea, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, raising the dead, pleading the cause of the poor, the bound and the oppressed, and who made the doing of like deeds the only test of Christian character, and the only evidence which makes his true and faithful followers.

Resolved, That, as American Citizens, we hail the appearance of Geo. Thompson in this land as a blessing, and we utterly despise and condemn the meanness and wicked spirit which has slandered and defamed him; and while we recognize him as the true friend of America, we hold the authors of these slanders to be the traitors to and the assassins of our own and our country's liberty.

The Convention then adjourned. A large portion had come in from the neighboring towns and villages, many miles over very bad roads, to attend the meeting and hear the world-renowned Orator. They have gone home to carry to their firesides and their neighborhoods the truth which they received; and it is to the honest "common people," the farmers and mechanics, to whom we look for help in the trial hour of Liberty.

Messrs. Franklin, Phillco, Griffin, Whitman, Stowits and others, made liberal arrangements for the meeting, and to their kindness we are much indebted. The keeper of the "Benton House" paid all possible attention to his guests; and on Monday morning we left by Railroad to attend the Convention to be held at "West Winfield." G. W. P.

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From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT—*A Week of History—Shadrach and the fiery furnace—Boston Pacified—Mr. Wright's Examination—Mr. Davis's—Commissioner Hallet—What is expected of him—Mr. Attorney Lunt—Mr. Dana—Mr. Lunt's precarious official health—"The Little Expounder"—Mr. Buffum "states a fact"—Patriotism of Springfield—The Correspondent THAR—Mob Manufacture—Process—The Homeric Period of Springfield—The Town puts its Foot in it—An anonymous Committeeman—Mr. Thompson putteth fleas in their ears—The British Empire Confounded—The triumph—Our enemies our footstool—The parting blessing—A Rail Road punished—A Republican Lie—The Post Scriptum—Calamitous delay of this Epistle—Happenings this week—Experiences of a Commissioner—No slave caught yet—Justice to Marshal Tukey—&c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Feb. 24th, 1851.

I certainly cannot complain this time, as I did last, that I have nothing to say. The only trouble I shall find will be to reduce the multifarious happenings of the last ten days into a portable compass. It has been a week of History,—and very good and instructive History, too. The particulars of the gallant rescue of our modern Shadrach from the fiery furnace into which our Nebuchadnezzars at Washington had appointed him to be cast, you have already given. I have nothing to add to them, not having had the good fortune to see any part of the transaction. But I wish you could have had ocular and auricular demonstration of how beautifully the Compromise Measures of Pacification worked that day, and ever since, for the matter of that. If you could have but witnessed the entire repose into which that blessed lullaby had calmed the general mind after the agitation of the two last years! You should have sent on Mr. George Wood or Mr. Hiram Ketchum ("*Hire 'em Catch 'em!*" surely the old song is wrong that says names always "go by *contraries!*") or some fit deputation of your amateur Slavecatchers to have revelled in the beatific quietism. Seriously the excitement was scarcely less than when Dr. Webster was arrested last December, and has been maintained at almost as high a pitch as then. Little else has been talked or thought of. The absurd Proclamation of President Fillmore and the excitement in Congress and throughout the country would make one suppose that a hundred thousand Russians had landed in Boston to subjugate the country and abolish our Republican Institutions, Slavery among the number, instead of a handful of colored men having opened the door of the room hired by the United States as a Court Room, but then used as a Jail, and allowed a human being to walk off with himself. They certainly did their business admirably well and with commendable moderation and humanity.

The whole week was consumed in the examinations of Mr. Elizur Wright and of Charles G. Davis, Esq., as aiders and abettors, before Mr. Commissioner Hallet. Mr. Davis's examination is not yet finished. And as there are some five or six more culprits, that valuable official is provided with business for some time to come. The Court Room is as full all the time as it can hold. The interest keeps up quite as well as during Dr. Webster's trial. Mr. Wright as you know was held for trial; but upon evidence so slight, the circumstances and the character of the witnesses being considered, that it is hardly possible that a Jury taken at large from the District will convict him upon it, even if a Grand Jury can be found to indict him. Many think that the Commissioner will not hold Mr. Davis, his relation as counsel for Shadrach affording an opportunity to make some distinctions in his favor, to which Mr. Wright was not entitled. But I have too good an opinion of the patriotism and hungry instinct of that sagacious gentleman to believe him capable of any such folly. He will fall short of what is justly expected of him by his superiors if he do not keep tight hold of everybody that can be laid hold of, and especially of any one presuming to act as counsel for a runaway nigger, if there be any shadow of a case made out against him. So we shall be furnished with pacification hereabouts for some time to come. Mr. District Attorney Lunt does his best, but he is hardly a match for Mr. Dana (sometimes called "Two Years Before the Mast"); and his success in this matter is understood to be vital to the prolongation of his official life, which they do say is in rather a queasy condition. Men say that Mr. George T. Curtis (usually known on these parts as "*the Little Expounder*" in contradistinction from the Great Expounder Daniel) is on the look-out for the place and is watching Mr. Lunt's proceedings as a cat does those of a mouse, ready to pounce upon him on the first opportunity. This, you will remember, is the individual who issued the warrant on which Shadrach was seized, and whose patriotic tendencies in that direction were checked by the "untoward event" of Saturday.

You remember that Mr. Lunt was the unfortunate politician that was chairman of the Slavery Committee in 1835–6, at the time of Governor Everett's famous Message, and who made himself rememberable by brow-beating Dr. Follen, Mr. May and the other advocates of Free Speech who appeared before him. His Report, although he did not proceed to make the discussion of Slavery a penal offence, was of the worst pro-slavery and offensive character, and was severely criticised by all papers of any pretence to decency and by none more than the one (the Advocate, I think it was called), edited by Mr. Hallet, the Commissioner now on trial. On Saturday, Lewis Hayden, a colored man whom you and many of your readers well know, was brought up on a complaint that he was concerned in the rescue. Upon bail being called for, James N. Buffum offered himself in that capacity. After the Commissioner had satisfied himself of Mr. Buffum's sufficiency, he said to him, with much courtesy, "Mr. Buffum, I think I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance formerly." "Yes, sir," replied Mr. B., "it was at the time you were chastising Mr. Attorney Lunt so severely in your paper for his pro-slavery behaviour in the Senate! He never "stated a fact" more to the purpose. The Commissioner turned it off, saying, "Oh, ay e, that was a matter of Free Speech," which was all one, as far as Mr. Attorney was concerned, as turning *him* off, too.

It was my privilege, last week, to attend the great demonstration at Springfield, where the Webster Whigs, assisted by a handful of Hunker Democrats, undertook to save the Union, as you justly observed in your last paper, by preventing George Thompson from speaking. The usual machinery for mob-manufacture was set in motion for a week before, and everything seemed to go on prosperously. A handbill which was never equalled in pro-slavery venom, unless it were by the one which heralded the Property and Standing Mob of 1835, was circulated widely the day before. Mr. Thompson and his venerable relative, Mr. John Bull, were hung in effigy in the principal Square, on the Lord's Day, in the former part of the day, and allowed to hang until the pious Springfieldians had returned from divine worship. The Selectmen, with an acumen worthy of our Civic magistracy at the time of the Bigelow and Tukey Mob of last November, informed the owners of the Hall engaged for our Meeting that they would not be responsible for damages done to it

(as if they could divest themselves of their legal responsibility!), and thus gave the Mob all the motive and encouragement to mischief that ignorance and malice combined could afford. Consequently the owners of that and all other public rooms refused to let us use them. And that proceedings might be perfectly regular, a Lynch Committee, consisting of Messrs. Homer Poole (our readers may be assured that this is an actual name; we could have invented nothing like it), Charles Stearns, and a third who, his name being Smith, may be regarded as strictly anonymous, waited on Mr. Thompson with the modest request on the part of those for whom they acted, that he would leave the town unmolested and spare it the disturbance which would inevitably follow an attempt on his part to speak! I have no time to give you such particulars of his conversation with these unfortunates as I remember from his account, but will only arrest myself until after the interview was over. But you can easily imagine how such "a Serpent" as Mr. Thompson would coil round and crush bone by bone any poor creatures that would put themselves into his power in this absurd way. Though they admitted that they had been treated with entire courtesy, they were glad to get away from him, although it was with a enough to get away from him, although it was with a sense of the most elephantine dimensions in their respective ears, proportioned to the natural magnitude of those organs.

They succeeded, however, in hindering us from having a meeting that evening. The streets round our hotel, the Hampden House, were filled by riotous boys and drunken men, howling and groaning to the immortal glory of their native land and the inextinguishable confusion of the British Empire. I do not think they had much mischief in them, however. I took a walk through the streets, and had the honor of passing for Mr. Thompson (probably because my report had preceded him, that he was an uncommonly well-looking man), and was escorted by any number of rioters and regaled with any amount of groans and curses for John Bull, and was sometimes slightly hustled, yet no one of them dared lay hand upon me. The next morning (Tuesday) it was quite uncertain whether we should be able to get everything out into his head, apparently, in consequent of the Union and the Constitution, as manifest failures and humbugs. Mr. Phillips followed, and was anything but soothing and conciliatory in his remarks. One of which, attributed by mistake to your Senior Corresponding Editor, is now lying the rounds of the papers, touching Mr. Dr. Dewey's assertion that he would send back his own mother into Slavery to save the Union, he said that "if ever a mother deserved to be sent back into Slavery, it would be that of Dr. Dewey for having been capable of conceiving such a monster!" So unsatisfactory, indeed, were his remarks that one of the lions would not restrain the, supernatural, though somewhat unreasonable, wish "to *hear* that gentleman sit down!" When Mr. Thompson appeared, which was not till after the meeting had been begun for sometime, he was received with loud applause, and soon addressed the great assembly to some purpose. As a specimen of reasoning upon Slavery, wise, satire and overwhelming invective, I doubt whether its equal was ever heard in this country. The manner in which he dealt with the Selectmen of Springfield, the Lynch Committee, and especially the Republican, the Webster-Ashmuno-Whig paper, which had been busy in creating the disturbance, which it had the face to talk about him, and then writing him, in the interval of the meeting, an impertinent letter of inquiry about something he had said in his morning's speech, was transcendantly masterly. He carried his audience along with him in a surprising manner, and the meeting closed most triumphantly. So the result of all the machinations of the Whig-Lynch mob was, that we did speak in Springfield was that the town was stirred up as it never was before, and heard an amount of truth about itself and the nation that it would have escaped had the meeting gone off as it was supposed it would, when it was arranged.

In the evening, the noisy demonstrations of the night before were renewed. The mob paraded with drum beating and fife playing, and hooted at Judge, either of Mr. Thompson or his parent, Mr. Bull, under the windows of our private parlor; the walls of the house, also, were pelted with eggs and mud, and three or four stones of respectable dimensions thrown through our windows. These, properly labelled, together with a copy of the infamous handbill, Mr. Thompson displased among his treasures as curiosities illustrative of American Institutions. During this evening, as well as previously, we were visited by many Abolitionists from distant towns, and by many of the citizens of the town, who expressed a strong sense of the disoredit their doings had brought upon them. A very little effort on the part of the magistrates and other leading citizens I think would have been sufficient to have suppressed the disturbance and punished the ringleaders But the leading influences of the town were on the side of the rioters, and in such a case it is seldom that anything effectual is attempted. In speaking of the Selectmen, I should have stopped the Rev. Mr. Duncan, who is old against the action of the majority. He is the son of an old United Irishman who fled to this country in 1798. The rioters were tired of their fun and took themselves off about nine. After they were gone, and our visitors departed, how late we sat up, and whether we had a surgery or not, will never be told; but, if you know the party, you may possibly guess at the truth besides. The next morning we separated in different directions, rejoicing at the triumphant manner in which we had trampled our enemies under our feet and made the Selectmen, the Lynch Committee and the Webster Whigs, and Cass Democrats, our footstool.

As Mr. Phillips and I were entering the train that morning, some modest patriot, shrinking from observation in some obscure corner there on the car. It missed us, but hit the car, thus ditly punishing it and the Western R. R. company for having brought two such pestilent fellows to the town. I saw on Saturday that the editor of the Springfield Republican, like a sneaking liar, as he is, informed his readers that I was hit by an ugly customer at Mr. Thompson, (who took the train for Albany at a late hour) that *he forcibly interfered with the mob that I was not the man, I was not Mr. Thompson!"* This I contradicted in the Journal, where I first saw it, and the contradiction has been copied by other papers.—n. v.

P. S.—Boston, March 1st.—The foregoing letter, so your readers may partly gather for themselves, was intended for last week's paper; but as they experienced the calamity of missing it then, they may get it now, as it themselves amends now. The examination of Mr. Davis, as you know, resulted in his discharge. How the Commissioner can answer this to his conscience, the country, the Constitution and the Union I am unable to say. A colored man, Mr. Scott, has been held for trial; and another, Mr. T. P. Smith, is now under examination. To-day Robert Morris, Esq., the colored lawyer, who was of counsel for Shadrach, was arrested as an "Alder." One or two other arrests have been made. I am happy to say that in spite of the Slavecatching enthusiasm of Webster Whiggery sustained by the answering order of Cass Democracy, and the determination that at least one nigger shall be carried back from Boston, Boston and Massachusetts are, up to this writing, free from that ignominy. It is well understood that numerous warrants have been issued, and I dare say some people could tell tales of as "hairbreadth escapes" as any of that worthy gentleman of color, Othello, were it altogether expedient so to do. But the time will come. Many fugitive slaves have left Boston since the Shadrach excitement, all, it is hoped that were in immediate danger.

I wish to take this opportunity to restruct the statement in my last letter that city Marshal Tukey is a candidate for the U S. Marshalship, in case Mr. Devens lieve unquestionable that this is not the case. So far from it that Mr Tukey absolutely refused to have his name recommended, when he was asked to do so by one of the Committee of Safety that predominates over Boston and decide whose head shall fall and who shall be saved alive. This explanation I am most happy to make for my unintentional misstatement.

## *LETTER FROM REV. SUMNER LINCOLN.*

*To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:*

FRIEND GAY:—It would seem from the speeches made at "Union Meetings," and from sermons preached and printed by Doctors of Divinity, that efforts are being made by them to bring into practical favor a doctrine which has great claims to antiquity—a doctrine which was ascribed by his enemies to the apostle Paul and his associated christian preachers, viz: "Let us do evil that good may come." But the apostle repudiates this doctrine as a foul slander, and solemnly declares, that those who embrace this doctrine expose themselves to a just damnation. It would seem, from their speeches and sermons, that these men who profess great reverence for Paul have forgotten or overlooked the fact that he has disclaimed all friendship for such a doctrine, a "doctrine" which lies at the foundation of all compromises with moral evil. Who was the author of this doctrine, who first preached it? If we may believe the most ancient history, the sacred record, the author of it was a person called the Serpent and the Father of Lies. He was the first who prescribed in Paradise to our first parents. What arguments did he use to induce them to embrace and live out this doctrine? Arguments the same in their character as those used by these D. D's. The good to be gained, "God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." When the first recorded such a course would be a violation of the Law of God, and she should become exposed to a penalty of evil, he assured her not that that all would be safe, but great good to her would be the result. So as she and her husband both had a desire to enlarge their knowledge and improve their condition, they come to the conclusion that it was best to cast the Higher Law aside, obey the lower and thus make a compromise with sin. Some of their descendants, at the present day seem strongly inclined to follow their example, having a great ambition to rise fast and high.

Some seem to talk, as if by the aid of compromises with moral evil, that we as a nation had become so great, so elevated, that their was not any God or divine Constitution that we had not already risen above. Hence, they scout the idea of a law higher than the Constitution of the United States and its pyramant laws. "Men always swear by the greater: and an oath for confirmation is the end of all strife." Hence it is a work of supererogation to inquire after any higher law; yea, it is subjecting an officer of the government to the unpardonable sin of perjury to do so. Great is the Constitution of the Ephesians!! Dr. Taylor in his Union speech, at New Haven, Connecticut, expresses great astonishment that the question should be even raised in the national hall of legislation, whether the Constitution of the United States was in conflict with the law of God. He says, "When I learned in the newspapers the novel doctrine, that the Constitution of my country was in conflict with the law of God, I was astonished. When I learned it, I said to myself, it is possible that from the high places,—from our political halls—our halls of legislation—a man in a high and honorable situation can venture to propose such a doctrine as this? Let this doctrine be inculcated—let it be believed at the North, and what may we expect? Why, a long train of rebellion and intestine war." Very terrible! Hence to prevent this dreadful catastrophy we must not agitate this question. This doctrine of a higher law than the Constitution of the United States must be kept out of sight. That is the doctrine which they charge upon us as the law which shrinks from the light of God's Constitution and pursuant laws? If we believe in God—if we acknowledge ourselves subjects of his government—if we are not atheists, does it not become us to inquire whether the civil government under which we live, and whose laws we help to make and enforce, is in accordance with the law of God? Who is it that does not meet this question? Who but he who is conscious of advocating a human law that makes a compromise with sin, and wishes to have it understood that it is constitutional, and wishes to have it obeyed for the purpose of securing certain kinds of good, or preventing great evils and certain possible evils? He has a compromise with sin, which he is laboring to maintain, and the doctrine that underlies all his arguments is, let us do evil that good may come. This is the doctrine that rans through Dr. Taylors speech, if I understand it; and still it is with great reluctance that I am compelled to believe it of him and other distinguished men. I would have long ere this expressed it. What else can we make of his illustrations in defending the Fugitive Slave Law? He admits Slavery to be a sin, and then says, after this supposition, that this nation, if threatened with an invasion from a mighty foreign foe, might form an alliance with Spain and secure her aid by agreeing to return her slaves if they should escape to us. This is made a condition with which we must comply to secure her aid. In other words, Spain agrees to help us in a cause we believe to be right, provided, we will help her sustain her system of Slavery which we believe to be wrong. Shall we, ought we to do it? Yes, Dr. T. says, because in so doing we may hope to secure the aid of Spain, and so get good. What is this but pleading for the doing of evil that good may come. But O, it is great temptation good that is sought in this compromise! But does that make any difference in point of principle? Is it a sin for me to commit murder to avoid a small evil or to gain a small amount of good, will it be no crime to do the same deed to secure a great evil or to gain a great amount of good? Does the prospect of eminent success in wrong convert wrong into right? Dr. Taylor exclaims, "What! may I not buy a piece of meat of a butcher because he is profane?" No, I answer, if you should not make it a condition of such purchase that you should copy into your speech his profane oaths. If he should prescribe any specific condition on which he proposed to sell your meat, and you should comply with it, then the case in point of principle is parallel with the case of surrendering the fugitive slave. The great plea for this is, that the part of those who admit Slavery to be wrong, is the temporal good that will come from obedience—the temporal good that will come from the execution of the evil law. Well, the Lord Jesus Christ once had the temptation presented and pressed upon him to make a compromise with moral evil, and not only an unbroken spirit was ever manifested, but the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. What a great possession, world and the glory of them! Only one small condition to obtain a glorious union! Only one small condition to be complied with, said his Satanic Majesty, "Just fall down and worship me, and *all* shall be *thine*."

Now, had our Saviour only yielded instead of saying "Get thee behind me Satan," what an argument would our great men have drawn from his example in favor of their favorite doctrine—Let us do evil that good may come. This doctrine when first promulgated by the Fiend, the Arch Deceiver

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## Poetry.

### Cimbuncton.

THE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM FOR 1829.

BY A. TENNYSON, OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Deep in that lion-haunted island lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.
*Chapman.*

TIMBUCTOO.

I stood upon the mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fallen below th' Atlantic, and above
The silent heavens were blenched with fairy light
Uncertain whether fairy light or cloud.
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue
Slumbered unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth: even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds wherewly to stay his ceaseless waves.
And much I mused on legends quaint and old
Which withone on the hearts of all men earth
Toward their brightness, e'en as flame draws air;
But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atlantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of utter name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shock of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
When clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the cry
Is loudest, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis.
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in her anxious faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hand with tears, and guzzeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.

Where are ye
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering capes, and your gold sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, scraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Filled with divine effulgence, circumfused
Flowing between the clear and polished stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was played about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, that to-day
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world:
Or is the rumor of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time?"
A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rushing of white wings! Lo, the pale moon
Of a young Seraph! and his stood heside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such color'd spots as danced upon the eyes
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging hues,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.

"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see."

I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seemed to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full heatitude. Each falling sense,
As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,.
The infinitesimal atom in the air
The Moons's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shone of its hoary lustre, wonderful
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.

A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each
Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendent crags; which lapse
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
Dogs'dat with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite sround.

I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now
Lies back the memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may he I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems so me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness. Where is he, that horue
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edgs,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
The fierceness of the hounding element.

My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, hearing on both sides
Doubls display of starlit wings, which hurn
Fan-like and fihred with intensest bloom;
Ev'n as my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable hungncy and strength
To hear them upwards through the trackless fields
Of undefined existence far and free.

Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of onopy o'ercanopied.

Behind
In diamond light upgprung the dazzling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence hors globes
Of wheeling sans, or stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular sdyes
Of radiance. But the glory of the place
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnished gold
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.

With ministering hand he raised me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment filled
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swell'n river's gushings in still night
Mingled with flouting music, thus he spake:

"There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The hearts of men, and shape their fate unto
Its shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory of heaven." With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the slow kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me; and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fullness: I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee higher to the spheres of heaven,
Man's first, last home: and thou with lawful hand
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The penetrating life which sleeps within
All the intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men say, Lo! these have taken refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool implesched twilights. Child of man,
See'st thou yon river; whose translucent wave
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft loveliness of her temples, whose
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of ranged chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! now his passeth by
And gulphs himself in sands, as not delaying
Its energy for enough to dissolve waves, which here
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh city! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand:
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements:
How changed from this fair city!"

Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted heaven-ward on the wing; and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

"Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.

BY C. MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their forsheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day,
And, wiser than the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivions of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill;
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill,
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
Must frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school—
Not mine the scornful mood—
I honor human happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

And though perchance the Cricketer,
Or Chinaman that flies
His Dragon-kite with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise,
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn,
I would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn,
But fill its sveuing path with flowers
As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something when the noon has pass'd,
To know the touch of Time—
And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime—
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart;
I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unman;
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can!

## Miscellany.

From Dickens' 'Household Words.'

### THE Private History of the Palace of Glass.

On New Year's Day, in the year 1837, a traveller was proceeding, by a native boat, on a difficult exploration up the river Berbice, in Demerara, when, on arriving at a point where the river expanded and formed a considerable basin, his attention was attracted to the southern margin of the lake by an extraordinary object. He caused his crew to paddle quickly towards it. The nearer he approached, the higher his curiosity was raised. Though an accomplished botanist, and especially familiar with the Flora of South America, he had never seen anything like it before. It was a Titanic water-plant, in size and shape unlike any other known plant. "I felt as a botanist," says Sir Robert Schomburgk, "and felt myself overpowered at the sublimities were forgotten. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, silver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light-green above, and a vivid purple below, floated upon the still water! Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in their gradation from pure white to rose and pink" [and, in some instances, measuring fifteen inches across]. "This smooth water was covered with blossoms, and, as I moved from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire."

Such flowers Polyphemus must have gathered for Galatea's sweeping; but the Nymph disdained, not content with mere flowers, dug up whole plants, and sent first them, and afterwards seeds, to England, where the magnificence and fertility of the "Victoria Regia" for some time unsuccessful attempts the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial climate, was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Chatsworth.

Mr. Paxton—a man of high scientific attainments—is not a mere academic savant. His Alma Mater is nature. When Queen Victoria Regia was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate Nature so closely as to make that innocent offspring of the Great Mother feel as much at home in the hot-houses and under the burning beats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them in a hillock of burned loam, and by filling the tank in the green house above them to a depth of five feet, by letting them float in a tank, to which he communicated, by means of a little wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he deceived the leaves by means of a hot, nuflucturing a Berbician climate in a tiny South America, under a glass case.

With that glass case our history properly commences. In imitation of a philosophic French Cook, who began a chapter on stewed apples with an essay on the Creation, we have thought it wise to start with the particulars, before proceeding to the birth and development of the Great Giant in Hyde Park; for by a curious application, the first parent of the mighty offspring of Europe was a glass case, the largest known floral stucture in the world. Although, co-relatively, they differ as widely as the popular disparity of the two terms "glass case" and "palace" would lead us to suppose, in consequently as oaks grow from acorns.

Mr. Paxton had already effected many improvements in the construction of buildings; the workmanship of which has always been unnecessarily massive. With the conviction that glass houses are not Egyptian tombs for the Pharaohs and mummies, he set about making them lighter than of old, both as regards actinism and architecture. He discarded as much as practicable all ponderous and spoke and serpentials. He made the sash-bars slender, whose broad shadows robbed plants of the sun's light and heat during the best parts of the day; he abolished all heavy sash-bars, by using large panes of glass, and inserting them in wooden grooves, rendered water-tight by a sparing use of putty. Lastly, finding that into the ordinary sloping roof there entered, as the sun's rays fell at a comfortable angle, Mr. Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of angular ridges, the glass presenting itself to the sun's rays by a succession of flat plants in a straight line at almost any time of day; but especially early and late.

In a green-house constructed with some of these improvements, and acclimated as we have already explained, a Victoria Regia was planted on the tenth of August, 1849. So well had everything been prepared for its reception, that it flourished as vigorously as if it had been restored to its native soil and climate. Its growth and development were astonishingly rapid. On the world-famous 9th of November a flower was produced, a yard in circumference! In little more than a month after, the first seeds ripened, some of which were gilled, and on the extended 1st of February succeeding, young plants made their appearance. Success, however, brought a fresh embarrassment. The extraordinary leaf, which Nature's law of development with such unexpected rapidity, that it outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. It therefore set Mr. Paxton a problem to solve; the formula of which was something like this: Given, an exotic growing in a green-house, at the rate of six hundred and forty-seven square inches of extension per diem: required, in three months, a new house of dimensions proper for its maturity?

Mr. Paxton went to work; and, combining all his improvements in the construction of green-houses, with his special inventions for maturing the Victoria Regia, he very soon produced the "Q. E. D," in the shape of a novel and admirable conservatory, since feed long by forty broad. This building became the immediate precursor of the gigantic structure in Hyde Park—why necessitates a short explanation.

Among the buildings required for every kind of habitation — whether it be designed for plants or princes, for a pine-house or a palace, for the Victoria Regia, or for the common glass case under which to collect the products of All Nations —the most imperative conditions, after stability, are perfect facilities for drainage and for ventilation; another, though a subordinate proviso, is economy. The man who can construct houses which shall repel external humidity, and allow of a constant and abundant supply of sunshine at any controllable temperature, and at the lowest cost consistent with durability, is, of course, the prince of builders. Now, in order to be economical, he must necessarily so manage, that each of his materials shall perform as many different functions as it is possible for it to perform effectually. It he builds walls which require no strength and stench only, if he add gutters for drainage, and if he call in Dr. Reid for ventilation, he may, probably, build a good habitation, but it will certainly be a costly, perhaps a clumsy one; and will turn out a very long job. Mr. Paxton, when he set about the new Victoria Regia house—guided by previous study and experience, and forced into new expedients by the peculiarities of the extraordinary tenant he was building for—had become a better economist. The result is, as shown in his Great Exhibition, the great Building—that his walls and foundations are not simply walls and foundations, but ventilators and drains as well. His roofs are not simply roofs; but, besides being the most economical that know of, are light and heat adjusters. His sash-bars do not only hold the glass together, but are self-supporting, and his rafters form gutters for the sides of the glass to run —for draining off internal, as well as external moisture, whilst the tops of the girders are conduits also. His floors are dust-traps, and aid in ventilation. Lastly, his whole buildings, while in course of construction, its own scaffolding. Thus he saves time as well as money.

The Victoria Regia house, which combines most of the advantages above detailed, was finished in several weeks' less time, and cost considerably less money, than the absurd old-fashioned conservatory that has ever been built.

While Mr. Paxton was busy with this novel and model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London about a site for the building for exhibiting specimens of the Art and industry of all nations in 1851. Mr. Paxton is a reader of the "Times," and perused with sympathising interest the fiercely-urged objections against the invasion of Hyde Park by armies of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and timber-fellers. The picture daily drawn of the tearing-up of fashionable roads by the carting of more bricks and mortar (for, mark, a *temporary* edifice) than the eternal Pyramids of Ghizeh consist of; the rotting down for ever on one side of Rotten Row of its most cherished ornaments, the trees; the uncertainty of miles of brickwork being put together in time for sufficient consolidation to bear the weight of the tremendous iron dome designed to rest upon it; the impossibility of the entire mass of mortar and plaster duly drying: All this, though occasionally overdrawn and exaggerated, presented a black perspective, while the means and appliances of the Victoria Regia conservatory would, thought its architect, considerably lighten, or altogether obviate. Every new thunderbolt from the newspaper *Tonans*, strengthened this notion in the projector's mind. All that was wanted, was a great many lily-houses joined together. A multiplication of hands and of materials could be readily commanded, and no secrecy need be raised so quickly and so cheaply. The promenaders and neighbors of Hyde Park would be relieved of its incessant "click-click" of bricklayers' trowels, the maddening noise of the blacksmiths' riveting-hammers, and have perfect immunity from the hourly transit of bricks and unsalladed pickles. The building might be constructed at Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank, "brought home" to Hyde Park ready-made, and put up like a bedstead. Nay, more: for a couple of months before Mr. Paxton would transplant them, and bring them back again at the end of the industrial fair without injuring a single wing, according to Horace Walpole, Mr. Paxton is half a century before his time in his huge transplanting operations. In August, 1748, the former, in a letter wrote to his Cousin Conway, as a piece of extravagant fun—"I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little expense in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence, it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant beeches."

However, Mr. Paxton was not without moving in the public mood "on the shortest notice" (as it had been converted into household furniture before its time). If the Park authorities agreed with him, he would chop the trees, sil standing, under his great glass case.

But, alas! feasible as the plan appeared, it was not to be thought of. The Royal Commissioning Committee has gone forth. This competition of architectural skill invited by the authorities had not produced one available design. It was therefore decided by the Building Architects of all Nations had been pronounced a failure; and the fact of the Building Committee having invited tenders for the construction of a design of its own, shut out fresh competitors.

One day, however—it was Friday, the fourteenth of June, 1850—it happened to be in the House of Commons conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis, a member of it, who accompanied him to the Board of Trade to see what could be done. Then, without any notice, or Mr. Paxton (who is one of the busiest men in England—whose very leisure hours are short—) he was introduced to a special meeting of the Building Committee. Tuesday morning, the eighteenth of June, found Mr. Paxton at Derby, seated—as Chairman of the Works and Directors—in the chair of an iron foundry, to try an offending pointsman. This was the first *leisure* moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table two gentlemen were busy; and, upon it, before the Chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting-paper. As such witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton sketched his plan with uncommon assiduity; and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him. saying,

"As you have heard the case, sir, the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you."

"The truth is," whispered the Chairman. "I know all about this affair already, and have thought of nothing else since Monday last night. *This*," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the Great Industrial Building in Hyde Park—a mere idea."

The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. It was there worked out by ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to waste. The train was on the point of starting, and the Royal Commissioners met the next morning; so, taking his dinner in his pocket, he entered the train with Mr. Ellis, and on the journey he found one of the greatest and most influential engineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission—who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" he exclaimed; "for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification with me."

Accordingly the plane were unrolled. "There they are," said the impromptu architect; "look them over, and see if they will do for the great Building for exciting the World and fifty-one!"

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend with the serio-comic surprise of incredulity.

"For what I say!"

"But you are too late: the whole thing is settled and decided."

"I will just see what you think of them. I am very hungry, and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

"Nather will I disturb you, for I must light a cigar" and in the course of the journey to London, the plans were made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the Royal Commissioner seemed lost in admiration, and carefully—his originator narrowly watching their effect on his mind. It was an anxious moment for the one, for upon the opinion of the other so much depended; for the one was about to wager from. The drawings were scanned with no more than businesslike attention. No word of commendation was uttered; yet signs of approval were manifested. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but presently, they grew fainter and more intermittent, and by-and-by the cigar went out; yet the examination continued without a word. The projector's hopes rose; his friend's attention was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes puffing away at the office weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished! At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming—"Wonderful—very wonderful! The genius of Chatsworth?—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared in time!"

"Will you lay them before the Royal Commission?"

"I will!"

The value of this promise and of the favorable expression of opinion which would doubtless accompany it performance, will be best understood when we state that Mr. Paxton—of "Wonderful—very" branch of confidence) that the gentleman who made it was Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The next day was a busy and unholy page in English history. It was Saturday, the twenty-ninth of June. The Royal Commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the board was over, the plans for the great building were laid on one of the bay windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Stephenson's time was precious, and he had an appointment elsewhere, but was, in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Mr. Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the Prince. He delegated that office, however, to his friend, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the Secretaries of the Commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the plans, and were much significantly by his wish that Mr. Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace, to explain the details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity, and especially for its economy, that if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new taxed. And he was the latest connected remark which that great statesman was destined to utter. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horseback, was stirring, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building Committee; which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having decided upon a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Paxton determined to appeal to a tribunal which (to borrow the tag of most modern comedies) is "never sought in vain:" namely, to the British public! This he did by the aid of the wood-cuts and pages of the "London Illustrated News." Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactorily answered! The practicability, the simplicity, and beauty of the scheme convinced every member of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

Meanwhile the projector of the Building, Prince Albert on the projector of the entire Exhibition, Prince Albert, on another memorable evening—that of the Christening day of Prince Patrick—What passed need not be divulged; but for the encouragement which it afforded to the expression of public opinion vouchsafed, to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, indeed Mr. Paxton to daily gathering strength, indeed Mr. Paxton to deem it necessary to send in to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore went straight to the Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the building committee in their advertisement had required the candidates for raising funds to suggest any improvements in the plans that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Messrs. Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Accordingly, at once it was, of all other tenders, the plan—the supreme desideratum—they rendered for it as an "improvement" on the Committee's design.

Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Could a form be formed, the great estimate of experienced iron masters of the north of England—engineers and iron founders—be got to be tested. This happened to be the very week in which, for the first time, Punch appeared. Saturday on *rabbits* the third, for which a huge postal question had reached its climax, and there was to be no delivery next day (Sunday). Here, then, all difficulties are annihilated, while energy, time, and money are saved! And it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connexion with the great edifice, that by the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, not only all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire appear on Monday morning at Messrs. Fox and Henderson's office, in Great Gardens, London, but even their several estimates for the whole; but, within a week, the contractors had prepared every working drawing, and had estimated the cost of every pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of its unrivalled skill in working them up at that cost, and in that short a time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London relying on the accuracy and speed of certain iron-masters, a dozen or more miles of ground, with a building upwards of a third of a mile long (1851 feet—the exact date of the year), and nearly three hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glass-maker promised to supply in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons) in nearly 24,000 panes, and these in eleven hundred and twenty-eight different sizes, comprising every one that the carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period two hundred and five *miles* of sash-bar; flooring for an area of three-and-three millions of cubic feet; and the enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition.*

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form a correct notion of the great, almost ruinous, loss a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless confidence the parties must have had in the accuracy of each other's estimates of their computations. Nevertheless it was one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of measurement, that they were reduced to the simplest facility of calculation in the great building is a dividend or multiple of *twenty-four*. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones are placed at the end of the first (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transept columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the case with the middle aisle of the building; the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse girders under the roof; hence, the intervening bars, which are at once rafters and gutters, are, necessarily, twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with the usual formalities it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But afterwards—perhaps have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

The public have long known what followed: Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously; not only by the Building Committee, but by the Royal Commissioners, with modifications very however, adopted. It was decided that the most reversed of the trees were to be admitted into the industrial building; and the central transept—the space of twenty-four bays of twenty-four feet each—twelve feet from the ground—was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in the centre of Hyde Park was bustling with the castings for the iron colums were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astonishing for its cheapness. It is actually less costly than an agricultural barn or brick cabin! A division of its superfices in cubic foot by the sums to be paid for it, brings out the astonishing calculation that every cubic foot (nine-sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot; supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractor when the Exhibition is over. Or, if it remain a fixture, the rate of cost will be reduced to less than a penny and one-twelfth of a penny per cubic foot.

The ordinary expense of a barn is more than this. Even a cow-house is not built for so little. Here are the figures: The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. If borrowed and taken down, it will be paid is seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds. If bought, to become a winter garden, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The smallness of cost is due to the principle we have previously explained, of each component of the building being endowed with more than one purpose. Thus the rows of iron gutter roof is one hundred and twelves feet from the ground—was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in the centre of Hyde Park was bustling with the castings for the iron colums were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

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